

CECIL ALDIN'S HAPPY FAMILY





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JOHN AND MARTHA DANIELS

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Being the Adventures of

Hungry Peter, the Pig

Rufus, the Cat

Humpty & Dumpty, the Rabbits

Rags, the Dog

Master Quack, the Duckling

AND

Forager, the Puppy

*Told by MAY BYRON and Illustrated with many Full-Page
Pictures in Colour*

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HENRY FROWDE
HODDER & STOUGHTON

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PETER THE SQUEAKER



PETER was hardly able to speak, — he was so extremely young : — but he cried aloud, “ Week! week! week! week!” — the moment he found his tongue. — Which meant, “ Do hurry, for goodness’ sake, — and give me some milk or jam, — or suet-pudding, or cold beef-steak— — for I’m starving ! yes, I am !” — The farmer took him in to his wife, — and said, “ I never did meet — such a hungry piggy in all my life ! ” — But she said, “ Isn’t he sweet ! ” — And as long as he had enough to eat, — you may take my word for it, Peter — not only appeared quite mild and sweet, — — but grew daily milder and sweeter.



Helping Hands

ON SHORT ALLOWANCE



But as time went on, there were other folk — that had to be petted and fed. — The farmer's wife now seldom spoke — to Peter, or stroked his head. — His milk, that used to be a quart, — was now but a pint a meal. — He said, “Can the food be running short? — Oh dear, how famished I feel! — These people want to starve me, that — can be very easily seen. — They do not want me plump and fat, — they want me scraggy and lean. — And my dinners are getting less and less,— — and I am so hungry—Boo-hoo! — I shall go to some kinder people—yes,— — I shall bolt, that's what I'll do!”



In Clover

FRIENDLY ADVICE



So out he went in the stable-yard : — and a dismal dog sat there, — who blinked at the sun and thought very hard. — “ Why, it’s Peter, I do declare,” — said he. “ Are you off for a walk, old chappie ? — It’s better out in the front ! ” — Then Peter said, “ Oh, I’m so unhappy ! ” — and gave a blubbery grunt. — “ I never get enough to munch,— a growing fellow like me ! — Scraps for breakfast, bits for lunch, — and odds and ends for tea ! ” — The bow-wow gave him a friendly lick, — and said, “ Take my advice. — Nobody’s looking—be off ! look sharp ! — The people here aren’t nice. — A bold and brave and venturesome pig, — I’m certain, was never meant — to stick in a kitchen. You’re much too big. — Go, Peter ! ” And Peter went.

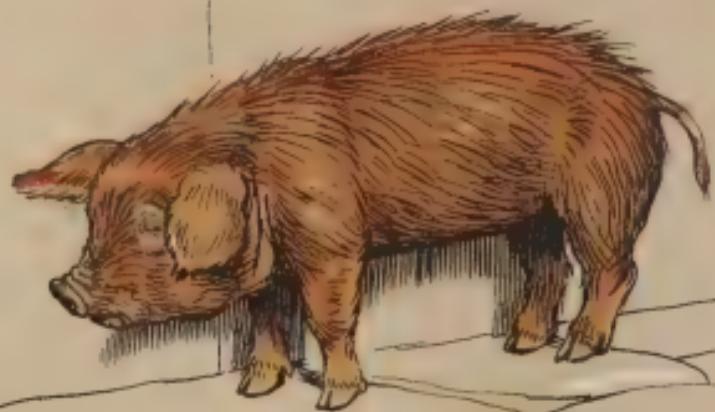


The Best of Friends

HUNGRIER AND HUNGRIER



It seemed as if there never had been \diamond such an empty yard before. \diamond Everything all so spotlessly clean, \diamond from gate to cowshed door. \diamond Not one single cabbage-leaf,— \diamond not a morsel of food in sight. \diamond Peter said to himself with grief, \diamond “I might wander here till night, \diamond and never come on a taste of food. \diamond It’s lonely, it’s dull, it’s chilly. \diamond Nothing but stones,—and they’re no good. \diamond I begin to think I was silly \diamond not to have stayed where I was at first. \diamond I can’t go back and beg pardon, \diamond I’m much too proud. If it comes to the worst, \diamond I must go and eat worms in the garden.” \diamond And he wept once more at this dismal thought. \diamond “Nobody loves me, that’s plain! \diamond I must eat worms—if they can be caught.” \diamond And at “worms,” why, he wept again.



©CH
JAN

The Outcast

BEAKED AND CLAWED



But just when things seemed dreadfully gloomy, — what was it Peter spied? — A large brown bowl, all deep and roomy, — with a fine hot mash inside. — And he'd hardly swallowed a mouthful there, — when, oh! such a hullabaloo! — Hens saying "Well, I do declare!" — and the cock saying "Doodle-do!" — And down they came with claws and beaks, — and flappety beating wings. — Peter uttered violent squeaks. — "You inconsiderate things! — leave off!" But, as the saying goes, — one might as well whistle jigs — to a milestone. Pecked from tail to nose, — the saddest of all sad pigs, — Peter was driven right away, — by indignant cock and hen. — Yes, Peter had, as you might say, — picked pickled pepper then.



First Come,
First Served

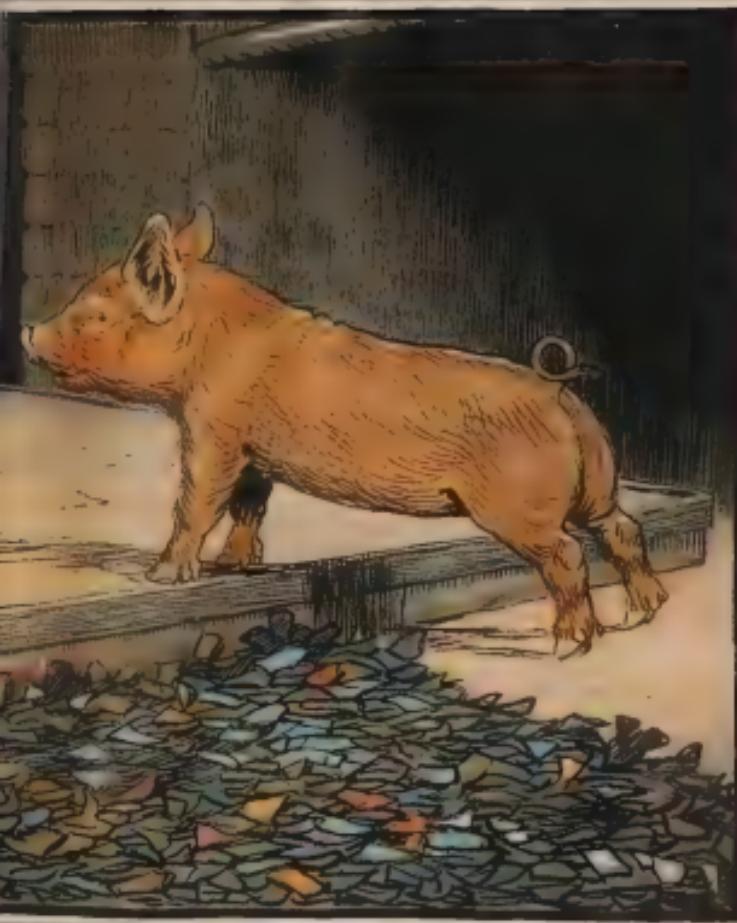
GREAT EXPECTATIONS



“It seems to me,” he thought with sorrow,
“I haven’t found much success. I can
try another place to-morrow,— or the next
day, more or less. But—what is that
lovely smell in the air? Potatoes boiled in
a pan? Potatoes! ah, there’s no such
fare!” said Peter, as he ran: “I’m
feeling very weak and thin,— but oh, I do
admire boiled potatoes!” And Peter went
in, and sat himself down by the fire.



The First Arrival

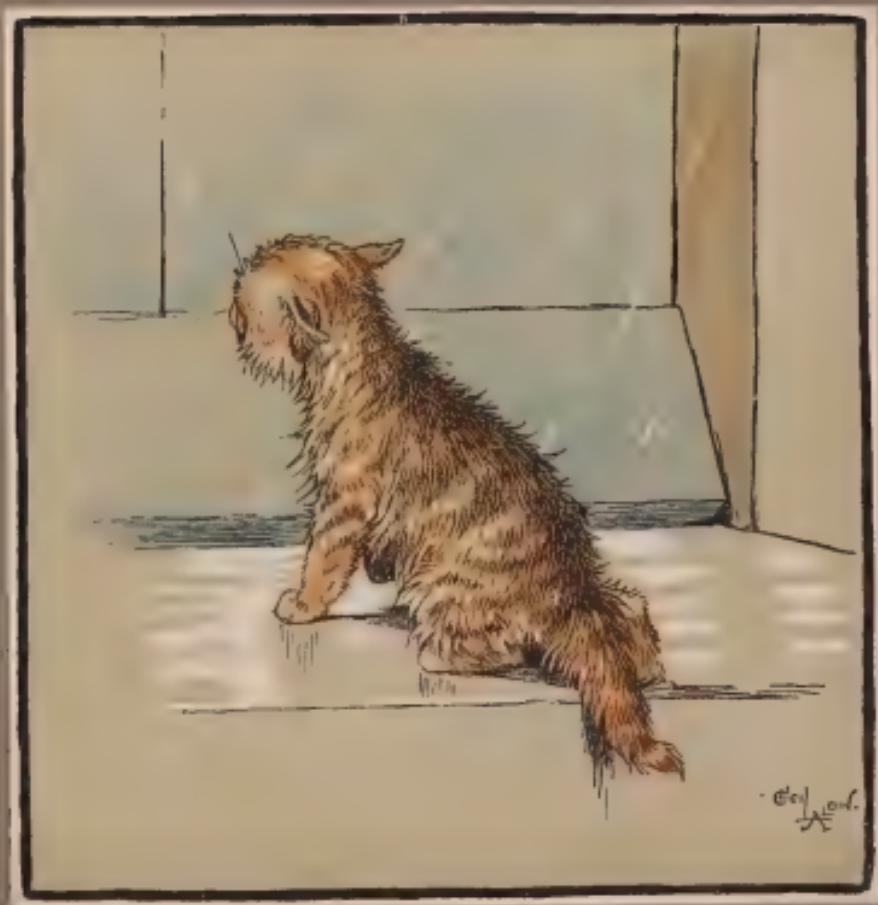




TRIALS AND TROUBLES



"It seems a very long while ago, — since, shivering out in the wind and snow, — on the farmhouse back-door step I sat, — a poor little caterwauling cat. — They took me in, and, as I must say, — they tried to be kind to me in their way. — Yes, the farmer's wife was extremely kind. — It isn't the people themselves I mind, — it's the pets they keep. For instance, Peter. — The place would be so much nicer and neater — without a pig. A hearth is intended — for cats alone. It would just be splendid — if the mistress took it into her head — to keep it for cats." That's what Rufus said.



Out in the Cold

BAD MANNERS



"My bowl of milk,—do you think it's fair — for a thieving dog to follow me there? — However fast I may try to sup, — he goes faster and laps it up. — I'm not accustomed to manners like these. — 'Excuse me,' and 'Thank you,' and 'If you please,' — are the ways that a dog should ask for a drop. — And then he should wait till one likes to stop. — I don't approve of that dog,— oh no,— — and (quite politely) I've told him so. — He is rough, and greedy, and very ill-bred. — No gentleman." That's what Rufus said.



Dog Days

A HUNTING DAY

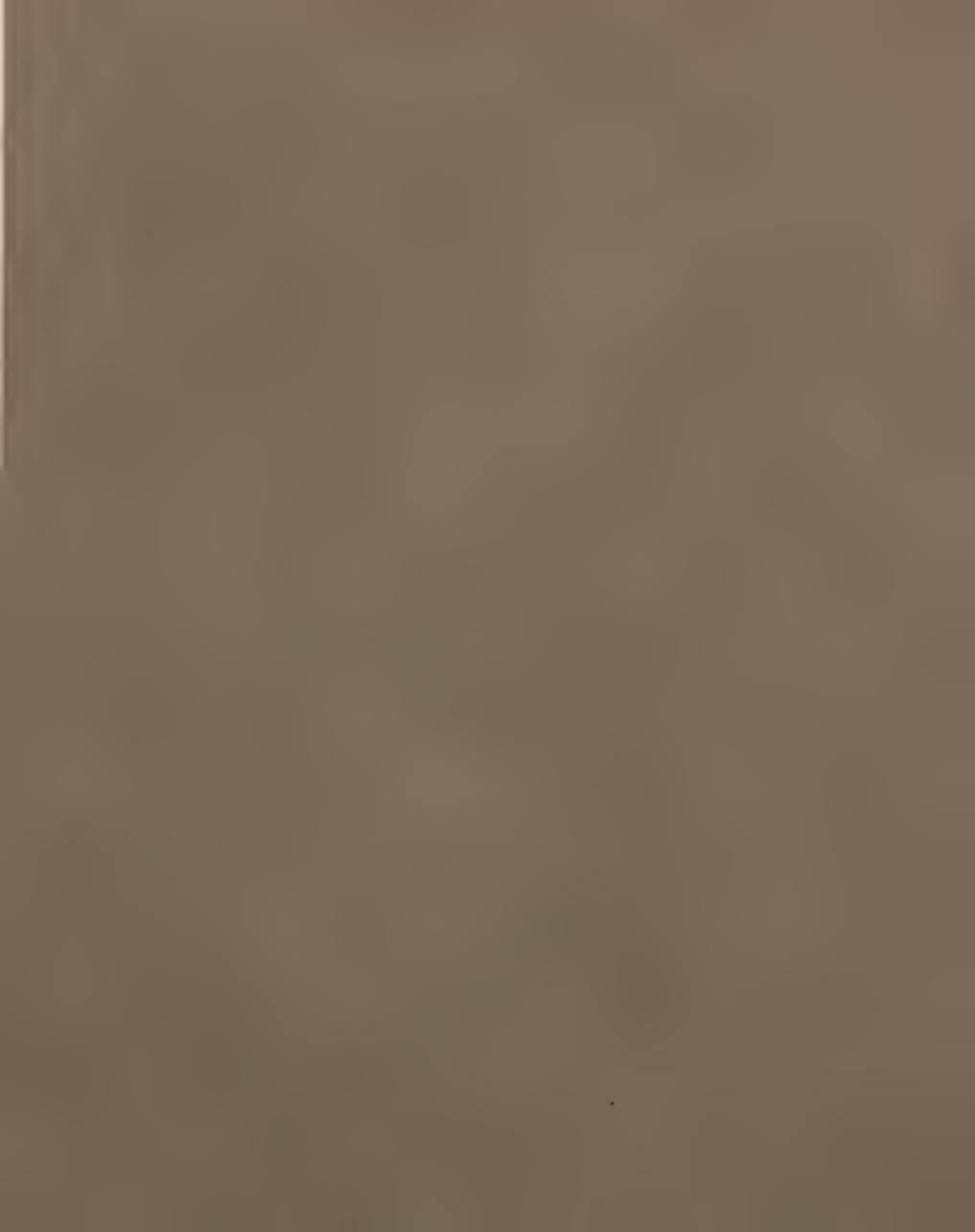


III

“ I shall go in the cowshed now, I think. — I noticed a very curious drink, — an interesting drink, I may say, — by Blossom’s stall, only yesterday. — . . . What do I see ! A mouse ! Hooray ! — Now for a glorious hunting day ! — It’s got a tremendous start, that’s true. — But I think that hole will hold me too. — I will track that mouse to its deep, dark den, — wherever it happens to be,—and then, — at last I shall be properly fed. — Tally-ho ! Hark away ! ” That’s what Rufus said.



Full Speed Ahead!



FULL STOP



"My word! it's vanished clean out of sight. — This wretched hole is dreadfully tight. — My head is through—but the rest has stuck. — Oh dear! now this is most shocking bad luck! — Hunting mice is a very poor trade, — when chinks in floors are so badly made. — Yet people believe themselves so clever. — . . . Shall I have to stop like this for ever? — Half above and half below! — And that mean little mouse is sniggering so, — I can hear it half a yard away. — Hi! somebody help me! Blossom, I say! — Come to the rescue. I'm nearly dead. — Do pull me out!" That's what Rufus said.



• Col
LEPIN •

Hide and Seek

THE COURTEOUS COW



"Ah! thank goodness! I've done it now. — All by myself. You silly old cow, — why couldn't you give a helping hoof, — instead of lying in there aloof, — munching your hay? I'm annoyed and vexed. — You'd have let that mouse just eat me, next, — and never attempted to help. For shame! — And now I'm ruffled, and bruised, and lame, — your fault entirely. . . . No decent cat — could care for a cow who behaved like that. — What! would you bite me! You savage!—Oh! — Blossom, please, Blossom! Please let me go! — You're hurting my paw! I was only in fun! — . . . I shall tell the mistress just what you've done. — Catch me visiting you and your shed, — ever again." That's what Rufus said.



Touch and Go



A QUIET LIFE



"There's nothing to choose between them all. — Pigs in the kitchen, and cows in the stall,— — dogs in the manger,—the saucer, I mean, — and all the others, wherever I've been. — Still, as long as there's milk and bread, — one can stand a lot." That's what Rufus said. — "Is there milk and bread? I had better enquire." —

So he went in and sat down by the fire.



Pleasant Dreams



IN DISGRACE

L



I

RAGS was white. At least, he had been ; — no credit to him, when just washed clean. — He was just as full of pranks and tricks, — was Rags, as a wood is full of sticks. — He pestered Peter with rude remarks, — he plagued poor Rufus with sudden barks, — he teased the Bunnies till both took fright. — — Then somebody whacked him,—and serve him right! — So Rags was sulky, and down he lay, — with one eye cocked in a grumpy way. — “I shall just go off on my own,” said he. — “The people here are too faddy for me.” — He crawled along, as a beetle would, — and reached the dairy. So far, so good.



C. L. A. M.

Down in the Dumps

IN THE DAIRY



The pots and pans that were standing there, — all were empty. “It isn’t fair”— — that’s what Rags was inclined to say— — “It isn’t fair—and I shall not play !” — But at last he spied—or was it a dream—? — a beautiful bowl of yellow cream, — nicely placed on a dairy-shelf, — where a lucky dog might reach it himself. — Rags was licking his lips with delight, — and softly whispering, “That’s all right !” — when he heard a scramble—he heard a scutter— — Someone knocked over a plate of butter. — Someone else was after that cream— ; — “And got there first !” cried Rags, with a scream.



• Old Spud •

**"How I Wonder
What You Are!"**

A BITE AND A SUP



He was up on the shelf in just two ticks.
◦ A Rat, whom he often had seen by the
ricks, ◦ had tumbled head-over-ears, it would
seem, ◦ right in the beautiful bowl of cream. ◦
With exciting flounders, and hauls, and drags,
◦ he was soon fished out by the teeth of
Rags, ◦ and shaken soundly,—but, oh dear,
dear ! ◦ Rags was no match for rats, that's
clear ! ◦ or perhaps he was rather off his guard.
◦ The ungrateful rat just bit him hard, ◦ and
bolted. As for the cream, it was wasted, ◦
all but a drop. How good it tasted ! ◦ “ Just
enough to make one long for more ! ” ◦ sighed
Rags. Then—Bang —slam—bang ! went the
door.



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Well Caught!

LOCKED IN



Was ever known such a sad mishap! — There was Rags, the unfortunate chap, — shut up tight in an empty dairy. — It shows one should be exceedingly wary, — with doors about: you never can tell — but they'll bang and lock themselves as well, — just to annoy one. “Bother!” said Rags, — as he ran to and fro on the cold white flags. — And then in a fright he began to yelp, — “Fire! Thieves! Murder! Help! Help! Help!” — Nobody came. “Oh, how unkind!” — he cried: and he sat by the door and whined. — Nobody came. Then he tried short yaps, — thinking, “They'll notice that, perhaps.” — — — And just when he'd used up every howl, — and every possible squeak, and yowl, — the dairy-maid, with a besom-stick, — came and bundled him out double-quick.



• G. L. D. •
A

On His Best
Behaviour

RAGS AND TATTERS



He went and rummaged about in the shed. — “Goodness ! what have we here ?” he said. — “A plate of cat’s meat, all fresh and nice !” — And Rags had gobbled it in a trice. — “Bread and milk in a bowl, beside ! How they do pamper that cat !” he cried. — “Poor thing ! it’s a shame to stuff it so— enough’s as good as a feast, you know. — If I finish this bowl, there’s not the least question — I shall save poor Rufus an indigestion !” He was half-way through when he had to pause. — Ten sharp teeth, and twenty sharp claws, — seized poor Rags, with a growl and a hiss. — It’s sad when one’s dinner is stopped like this.



• G. LADIN •

A Rough and Tumble

NO PLACE LIKE HOME



"What is the good," said Rags, in disgust, "of a world full of cats and rats? It's just made to annoy poor innocent folks, like me, poor fellows fond of their jokes. I shall go straight home,—though dull it may be, it's the safest place for a pup like me. I'm about as limp as a punctured tyre."

So he went in and sat down by the fire.



A Cosy Corner



THE TWINS



HUMPTY and Dumpty lived in a hutch : — they were twins, and they were so very much — alike, that no one, except their mother, — could possibly tell the one from the other. — They were round, and podgy, and white-and-grey, — not very remarkable, anyway ; — still, they both believed what their mother had told, — that they both were worth their weight in gold. — And that is what Humpty and Dumpty thought, — until the moment that they were bought. — Then they said, in looks as plainly as speech, — “ What ! sold for only a penny each ! ” — And Humpty said “ Wah ! ” and Dumpty said “ Wow ! ” — — which meant, “ What will become of us now ? ”



Sold Again!

OUT OF BOUNDS

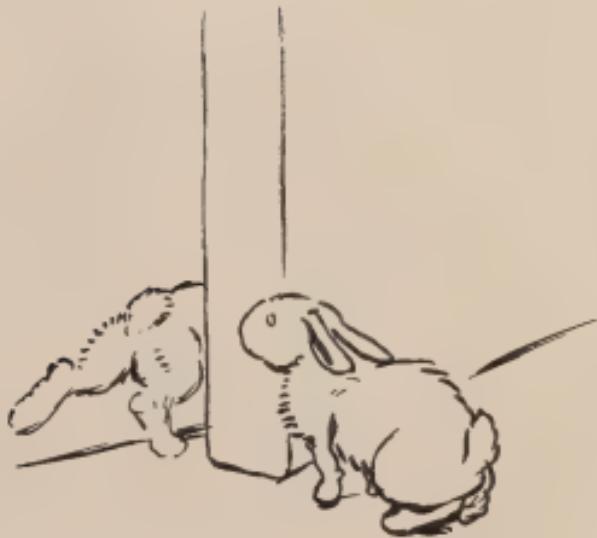


And now they lived in a hutch, brand-new, — with lots to eat and little to do ; — but they weren't contented—no, not a bit ! — “It's so dull,” said Dumpty, “to sit and sit !” — Said Humpty then, “I want more fun. — Let's hook it !” No sooner said than done. — They set to work as hard as they could ; — they wriggled and squeezed through the bars of wood, — they made themselves thin, which was dreadfully hard— — and at last—Oh, joy ! they were loose in the yard. — It was simply fine to be free outside, — everything seemed so large and wide. — And presently they came in sight — of a splendid cabbage, all green and white. — They wanted it, but they thought it might — be dangerous—perhaps it would bite.



A Great Discovery

CABBAGE AND COURAGE



But the cabbage had no idea of fighting ; — it was Humpty and Dumpty who did the biting. — Nibblety, nibblety, munch, munch, munch,— — they never had had such a lovely lunch. — Nobody came, which was just as well : — not a scrap of cabbage was left to tell, — when Humpty and Dumpty went off, rather slow, — — they were now too fat to go fast, you know ; — and each of them felt as bold and brave — as a Pirate Captain who lives in a cave, — or a Highwayman, or an Indian Chief ; — — there's a lot of courage in cabbage-leaf! — And Humpty said “Wah!” and Dumpty said “Wow!”— — which meant, “We are regular rascals now !”



• @c J. A. •

The Bitter End

LOST!



But they took a wrong turning,—at any rate, — they found themselves soon outside the gate. — The world was so big, and they were so small— — neither Humpty nor Dumpty liked it at all. — They both got dreadfully down in the dumps. — The smallest noises gave them the jumps. — They hit their legs against stones and stumps, — and got their noses all over bumps, — and kept on saying, “I beg your pardon,” — to great big pots which grew in the garden; — and in the end they managed to screw — themselves through the fence, as worms might do. — Somebody came and barked behind,— — which always hurries one up, you’ll find. — And Humpty said “Wah!” and Dumpty said “Wow!”— — which meant, “It’s wretchedly dismal now ! ”



G. L. Ward

Bumps and Bruises

THE BUNNY SPORTS



They were out in a field—they were indeed! — They recovered themselves with wonderful speed. — They had some Bunny athletic sports,— — leap-frog, obstacle-race, all sorts ; — high-jump, long-jump, and all the rest of it. — It was hard to say who had the best of it. — So they agreed—which was very wise,— — that in every case they'd divide the prize. — Soon they noticed a turnip—the Swedish kind,— — the finest prize one could possibly find. — They rushed to seize it, and then they stopped, — for a shaggy head from behind it popped. — A monster with teeth! They fled like mad, — and they heard it after them, pad, pad, pad. — And Humpty said “Wah!” and Dumpty said “Wow!”— — which meant, “Help! help! we are done for, now!”



"Hullo, There!"

TIRED OUT



They ran till they got to the open door, — where Peter and Rufus had come before. — And Humpty said “Wah!” and Dumpty said “Wow!” — which meant, “Here’s a place to be safe in now! — Nothing to trouble us, nothing to tire.” —

So they came in and sat down by the fire.





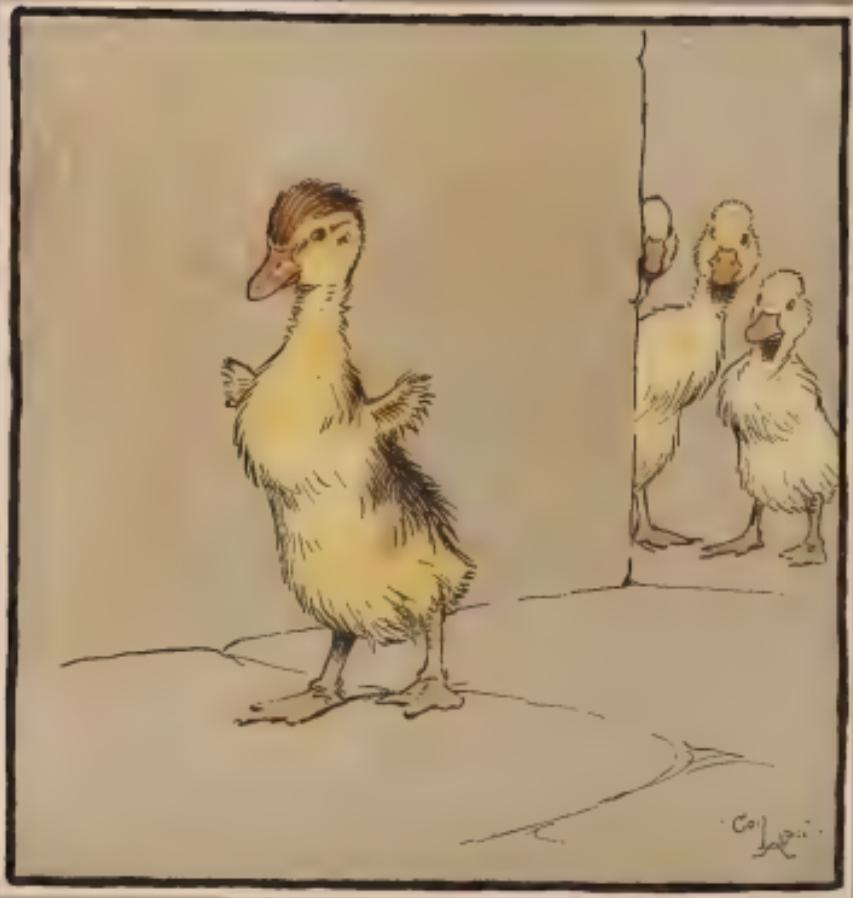
A Growing Family



YOUNG HOPEFUL



THE Quacks were as handsome as they could be, — at least, their Mother said so, and she — ought to know. They had all been nursed — by the farmer's wife, from the very first, — in a basket by the fender, where — there was lots of food, and a nice warm air. — But Master Quack, when he grew a bit bigger, — believed himself a very fine figure: — and as he gazed at his suit of yellow, — he murmured, “I am a Splendid Fellow! — Why should I live with these common ducklings, — full of stupid gigglings and chucklings, — when I might become almost anything— — from an Admiral to a Duckling King? — I shall leave this house and never come back. — I mean to be great!” said Master Quack.

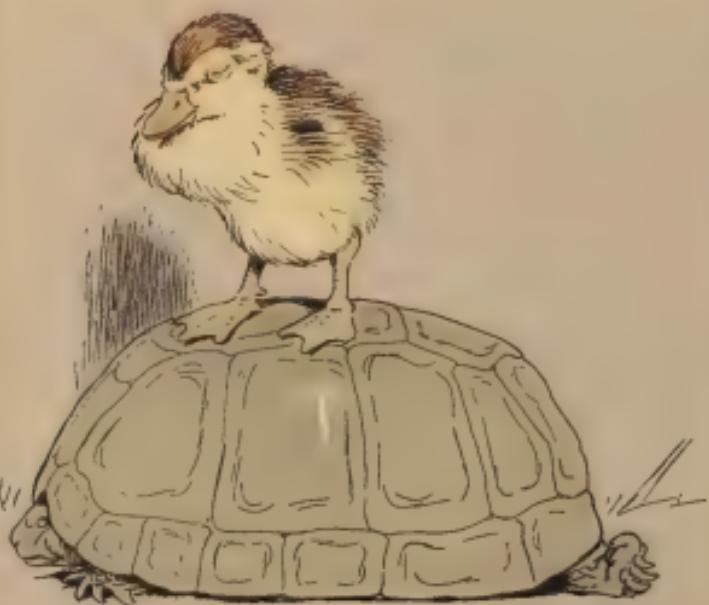


Off to see the World

MASTER QUACK SETS OUT



Off he strutted : and soon he found, — waddling along in the garden ground, — Joey the Tortoise. “ Ha! I see,” — said Master Quack, “ he’s afraid of me. — Crawling there on his hands and knees! — Here, my good fellow, if you please, — you can take me a ride. I’d prefer, of course, — an elephant, or a prancing horse,— — but just for the present you’ll serve, no doubt. — Now then, look lively! Get on! Step out! — Gee-up, my man! You seem rather slack. — Do you hear, below there?” said Master Quack.



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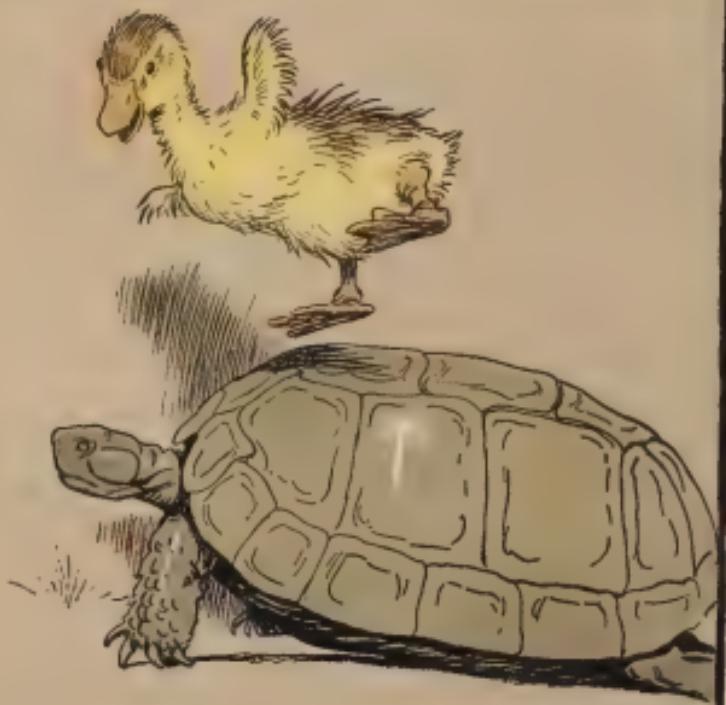
Fast Asleep

A RISE AND A FALL



III

Joey was nobody knew how old— ◦ a hundred years, as I have heard told. ◦ He was very angry, and much offended. ◦ “This sort of thing,” he said, “must be ended. ◦ What! ordered about by a yellow Duck! ◦ Told to look lively! It’s time I struck! ◦ I may as well drop him late as early.” ◦ And looking ever so cross and surly,—◦ for a Tortoise is always inclined to grump,—◦ he reared himself with a jerky jump. ◦ Somebody fell, with a bump and crack,—◦ fell very hard,—it was Master Quack.



E. H. Shepard

Wide Awake

PECKS AND TROUBLES



“That was shocking!” said Quack in disgust. “It only shows you oughtn’t to trust ◊ these crawly people. One never fails ◊ to be disappointed in chaps with scales. ◊ Feathers—or fluffs—are the only suits ◊ that are fit for wearing,—and yellow boots. ◊ Here are some very remarkable fowls. ◊ I guess, from their looks, they are Owls—tame Owls. ◊ Wake up, old ladies,—it’s not polite ◊ to snore when a Very Great Person’s in sight. ◊ I am the Very Great Person. Behold!” ◊ Then the Owls woke up, as they had been told—◊ and they saw Master Quack, just him, no more. ◊ And they lifted their beaks and gave him what-for. ◊ “Peep! peep! what a fearful shame to attack ◊ one of my size!” wailed Master Quack.



Carl L. Smith

An Afternoon Call

A CLEAN SWEEP



He ran so far and he ran so fast, — to escape the angry Owls, that at last — he found himself at another house. — There wasn't a sign of man or mouse,— — no one in sight, and no one in hearing, — as Master Quack, after safely peering — to and fro, went in through the door. — Various pots were there on the floor, — and he tried to eat some curious stuff — that lay by the pots. It was hard and tough : — in fact, it almost sprained his bill. — And while he was nibbling at it still, — somebody came with a heather-broom, — and roughly swept him out of the room. — If anyone ever yet had the knack — of getting in scrapes, it was Master Quack.



A Tough Morsel

A RETREAT



Downcast, dismal, disheartened quite, — he scuttered left and he fluttered right. — He hadn't a notion which way to run,— — but somehow he hit on the proper one. — By sheer good luck, he got on the track — that led to the kitchen, did Master Quack. — “I do not find it so very pleasant — to be a Great Person,” said he, “at present. — A quiet life is all I desire.” —

So he went in and sat by the fire.



Still They Come



A SNIFF ROUND

R



“ It’s a funny thing,” said Forager, “ in fact,
I call it a shame, — they should give a harmless
dog like me such a hungry sort of a name. —
Of course, I have to forage, for nobody thinks
there’s need — to get any food for a Forager

and it’s very hard lines indeed. — Other
folks have their mutton-bones, their milk,
their lettuce, their hay,— — everything got
ready for them, so nicely, every day. — But,
poor unlucky pup that I am,—I always have
to go — sniffing here, and nosing there, and
pottering to and fro. — Paw to mouth, that’s
how I live ; and the bother is, you see, — the
mouth is large and the paw is small,” said
Forager. “ Oh dear me ! ”



Picking up the Scent

ON THE TRAIL



"Well, now, that's odd," said Forager ; "I have struck on a sort of trail. — I do feel so excited, from the tip of my nose to my tail. — I'm remarkably good at scenting things, and here is a splendid scent — of Irish stew, and no mistake—I can tell which way it went. — I'm going to follow the trail, right off ; when I've tracked that stew to its lair, — no knowing what wonderful strokes of luck may manage to happen there ! — Onions, and potatoes too,—I smell them, plain as can be. — It makes a fellow so desperate hungry," said Forager. " Oh dear me ! "



G.
L. LOAN

In Full Cry

SELF-HELP



“Hooray ! You’re found !” said Forager, as he stared at the Irish stew. “ You couldn’t escape a dog like me, however much you knew. All piping hot,—how jolly good ! Yes, stew is decent stuff. The only bother about it is, there never is half enough. Now the hunt-breakfast will begin,—or luncheon, should we say ? I really think my foraging has been a success to-day. While other folks are petted and fussed, and nursed on someone’s knee, I have all the fun of the fair,” said Forager. “ Oh dear me ! ”



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Caught at last

ALL GONE!



" Finished too soon," said Forager ; " just as I feared. Well, well ! — Stew is a disappointing thing. There's nothing left but the smell. — One cannot live on a smell, of course,—not a healthy growing pup. — I wonder, now, if it were wise to gobble all of it up ? — The selfish person who meant to have that plate of lovely stew — is probably deeply offended now ; I know what I'd better do. — Break the plate—just shove it off,—perhaps this may be rash, — but they can't expect stew in a broken plate—of course not . . . Now then—Crash ! . . . — They're coming ! . . . Well, perhaps it's time I foraged for something for tea : — it takes so precious long to find," said Forager. " Oh dear me ! "



A Good Day's Work

THE ORDER OF THE BOOT

T



"What a very annoying house this is!" said Forager, nose to floor; "wherever I go, the silly stew has been that way before. I can't discover a sign of bones, nor the tiniest sniff of chop: not an ounce of steak would ever seem to come from the butcher's shop. And I had a most unpleasant adventure, two or three minutes ago. I went inside the pantry door, not thinking, don't you know; just to admire the scenery—and it couldn't be believed what very hard names I got from Cook,—what a boot-toe I received! Uncommon hard! I shouldn't dream of blaming Cook if she should step within my pantry door," said Forager. "Oh dear me!"



Waiting for
Something to Turn Up

THE END OF THE DAY



"I'm just tired out," said Forager, "with all these ups and downs. — I'm tired of stews that end too soon, and Cooks and kicks and frowns. — I've heard there is a place where one can lie and toast one's toes,— — Rufus, and Rags, and Quack, and Peter have found it, I suppose,— — and even the Bunnies. It is the home of the Happy Familee,— — or words to that effect, I believe," said Forager. "Oh dear me ! — A little rest, a little peace, is all that I require." —

And last, not least—then he came in, and sat down by the fire.





The Limit





